Comfort in Unexpected Arms

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Comfort in Unexpected Arms

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Summary

During a world conference, Italy makes the mistake of referring to Germany as the Holy Roman Empire, and who comes to his rescue, but none other than the great Mother Russia, da? Please R&R, if you will.

Story: ***Comfort in Unexpected Arms***
Summary: ***During a world conference, Italy makes the mistake of referring to Germany as the Holy Roman Empire, and who comes to his rescue, but none other than Mother Russia, da? Just some snippets from 'Standing on the Edge,' which was originally 'Save Me'.***
Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia...***

"Do you want to defile your people's minds?!"

"For your information, It's not called 'defiling', you pig!"

"Look who's talking, pedophile!"

"PEDOPHILE?!"

A typical world meeting. A typical argument from England and France. Nothing was out the normal, between the nations.

"THAT IS ENOOOOOUGH!" The whole room had grown silent, as Germany slammed his hands on the table to get their attention. After a moment, he sat back down, sighing.

England and France, who were now scuffling on the floor, stopped immediately to look up at him. After a moment, England got up, brushing off his shirt and pants,

"I must apologize for my behavior. That was a little uncharacteristic of a gentleman."

France sighed. "I guess I did overdo it a little.

Finally, they returned to their seats, and once everyone was settled and ready, they began the meeting, starting off with the topic of world trade. Italy wasn't really paying attention though, as he kept catching himself staring off into space. Germany looked over at Italy, worryingly.

"Italy...?" Germany whispered, startling Italy, who looked up to meet his eyes.

"Holy Ro-" he stopped mid-word, before speaking again. "G-Germany..." Italy immediately looked away, mentally cursing himself for what he almost did just then. He'd made the mistake of seeing Holy Rome in Germany yet again. Why did that have to keep happening? Lately, he'd been doing it a lot They weren't the same person, and they never would be. Germany was Germany, but...that look of concern... That gentle face... that soft voice, it was...*his*. *No!* What was he thinking?! Germany's voice belonged to Germany alone; nobody else's. But...

"Italy...? Is something wrong?" he jumped yet again, looking back up at Germany.

"Oh, sorry, Germany. I'm fine." he said reassuringly. "I'm just feeling a little sick is all. I'll be back in a minute."

Before Germany could do anything to stop him, Italy had already left the room. Unknowingly, both Japan *and Russia* had heard everything.

The Italian ran down the hall to the bathroom, tears making their way to the corners of his eyes. He couldn't believe it. Why did he keep thinking of Germany like that? They were friends. They were FRIENDS! And even though Germany was a lot *like* Holy Roman Empire, there many differences as well. He stopped, smiling to himself. "~Ve, I know, I'll *name* all the differences. That way I can prove to myself that Germany and Holy Roman Empire are different. And that Germany and I are just friends." he held up his fingers. "Let's see now, Germany is big and scary...eh..."

He then remembered how scary Holy Roman Empire was, when he would peeked through the doors. At first, he was *extremely* scary, until they got to know each other better, then he realized what a caring person Holy Roman Empire was. Germany was the same- *shit,* he was suppose to be thinking of *differences*, not similarities! "Oh, Germany is really really stern."

But he can be soft*, just like Holy Roman Empire.*

"Germany rarely ever smiles."

Well, how often did Holy Roman Empire actually smile except to him?

"Um...um..." After about ten minutes of thinking and *re*thinking, he realized that it hadn't helped at all. In fact, if anything, it only made him that much more certain that he *did* like Germany after *all,* which was the exact *opposite* of what he was originally aiming for.

"Having troubling thoughts, da?"

"R-Russia!" To say the least, Italy had never been so startled in his life, and the fact that it was *Russia* only made matters worse. Russia smiled.

"Why do you jump as if I am a ghost, when really, you do look like one yourself?" Italy knew immediately Russia was catching on to him, even if he didn't straight out say it. Italy avoided his 'question' (Is that what it really was? Who knows with someone like *Russia*?).

"W-what do you want...?" he asked hesitantly.

"Nothing in particular." Russia replied, smiling. "It was just by coincidence that I happened to see you here. But tell me, why do you lie to yourself?"

Italy said nothing, struggling to look him in the eye.

"You do know what I mean, da?" Italy gazed away. "You've been questioning your relationship with the German for quite some time, no?"

Italy looked back up, smiling. "G-Germany...? Why would I think about something like that? Germany and I are just friends!"

"Oh?" Russia's smile somewhat faded? "Is that why you almost made mistake of referring to him as the Holy Roman Empire?"

"I-I..."

"Now I don't believe you ever gave me the correct answer to my first question," said Russia, grinning yet again. "So let's try that again, shall we? *Having troubling thoughts, da?*"

Italy knew there was no point in trying to deny it any further, because Russia could easily read others like a book, *literally.* He was just that mysterious.

"Si..." he finally replied, his smile fading, as Russia now stood in front of him. "Germany and I *are* just friends, right...? Holy Roman Empire would be so angry at me right now..."

"You shouldn't doubt." Russia told him, as he reached up to Italy's shoulder. "Would Holy Roman Empire not want only what was best for Italy? You're lucky to have friends who care for you. You should trust them more."

"S-si..." Italy replied, giving a small nod, as Russia pulled into a surprisingly warm and comforting embrace. "Grazie, Russia."

"It's no problem," Russia gave a dark smile. "but If you really want to thank me, you should become one with mother Russia, da?

~ End of Story

A/N: What did you think? Hope you liked Russia's comfort, da?

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